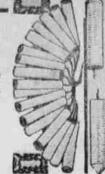
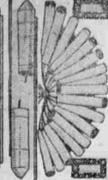
MAW says us little girls an' boys Ought not to make firecracker noise Because the poppin' sound, says maw, Is always sure to flustrate paw. We don't know what a flustrate is, But maybe it's the crackers' fizz. An', anyhow, we don't intend To do a thing 'at will offend.







By ROBERT DONNELL.

O they're trying to produce the

rious old day as Luther went after the

cactus-to scrape the spines off and

leave it a soft, velvety affair? Make

the Fourth just a dream day for sies-

tas and somnolence, dedicated to the

Very well. Let them do it. After

about one or a fraction of one such

silent Fourth they'll be glad to get

back to the pop proposition. I know,

beloved, because I once experienced an

My noiseless Fourth took place some-

where near the middle of the Nevada

desert. You can find places in that

desert today where there isn't a sound

for hundreds of miles because there's

nothing to make a sound. I was herd

ing cattle in those days-punching

cows, the elegant eastern writers call

it. Callente was my headquarters.

Ever see Callente? I mean, rather,

did you ever feel Callente? There isn't

passes, but in those days the lonesome

Callente couldn't stand for a fire-

a lame hoof, so the boss proffered his.

"You'll have to tether him down pret

dles of pyrotechnics to the horse and

got back within thirty miles of Cali-

ente by the evening of the third. I

was dog tired. So was the horse prob-

hour, eat a bite and plug along a few

hours before making camp, so that I

could get into Callente a little earlier

my shoes. I proposed easing my own

saddling him. I went sound asleep

slung over the saddle in its holster,

I slept soundly until daybreak on the

pace for Callente, as I thought. It

creased as the hours advanced. By

hit the pass into Callente. 1 discov

ered that I had been walking in a big

circle. Just then I was about fifty

miles away from Callente. I knew old

Charlie, faithless to me, but faithful

to his master, had reached town hours

There are no birds in the desert to

make twittering song. There are no

trees through which the breeze blows

a subdued strain. I was the only liv-

ing thing, so far as I knew, for fifty

miles in each direction. The absolute

stiliness of the scene appalled me. 1

yearned for some sound-a thunder

crash, an earthquake, anything, just

so it made a noise. In my imagina-

tion, but only there, I could hear the

"pop, pop, pop" of the crackers along

I was tired-awfully tired. I was

tootsore; I was hungry; I was thirsty;

was hot-fiercely hot. But I want

to confess right here and now that

none of these disagreeable things

caused me half such agony as that

dreadful, dumb, desolate, universal Si-

ence, with a big S. I tried to shout,

but my dry tongue gave forth no

sound. Clutching wildly at a grease-

wood bush. I fell to the baked soil and

Fourth?" suggested Missouri Bill.

lost knowledge of life.

a sonata.

before with the fireworks

than I was expected.

little burg was an isolated speck.

whip crackers.

absolutely silent Fourth of July.

great white god Silence?

noiseless Fourth, are they?

These Luther Burbanks of pa-

triotism are going after the glo-

So all the kids we've asked to come An' p'rade with us. I'll beat the drum, An' Sis 'll blow the horn, an' then We'll march around like little men, An' paw will hear us an' be proud-If we don't play too orful loud. But I'll just wear a mask, you see, Then paw, of course, won't know it's me.

Washes Away Houses And **Drowns Many People**

Saylorville, Ky., June 29-A cloud burst, which occurred here this morning washed away 26 houses and many people were drowned. Four bodies have been recovered from the Licking river. The number of lives lost has ot yet been estimated.

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AND GET WELL

-Manufactured and Sold at-

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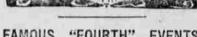
Sign, Big Hand; Lower Main st.

Mt. Vernon

Float, then, in elation

Yours, yours is the right to a rich cele-

Of the heavens eternal that bend over



It is an interesting fact that the fourth day of July has been rendered a memorable date in American history by several incidents other than the adoption of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia in 1776.

After a long siege General U. S. Grant marched into Vicksburg July 4,

1898 was disseminated to the nation through its eager press the news of the remarkable victory of Sampson and Schley over Cervera's fleet at Santiago-a triumph which ended the war with Spain, liberated Cuba, annexed Porto Rico to the United States and drove Spanish rule from its last foot-

ARTHUR JBURDICK

overhead-Undulations of glory and beauty rare.

The banner of freedom, flung free on the air! Its natty nutation

Seems to say to the nation, Today I am holding my own celebra-

wind fretted trees. DANCE, ripple and wave, O flag of

perous land! One day of the blessing fraught many give we, Old Glory, to you, of all banners

Your glad palpitation Stirs the pulse of the nation, And our hearts leap and throb with rare exultation.

bright folds still wave of the brave."

were shed By our sires and our sons on the rec fields of strife keep your fair colors afloat over

Where they'll wave while the spirit of freedom has life.

Of looters and despots and forced their

Now, flag of the brave, you're the sym bol of love,

Of peace and protection Columbia above noon of the Fourth. I made the railroad town all right, strapped big bun-

NOT purer the white that your beauty displays Than the purpose that gave to your being its birth,

to blaze ably. But I determined to rest only an A glorious truth to the ends of the

noon I was wondering why I hadn't

Three ex-presidents of the United States have died on that date. In 1826 Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration, passed away, exactly fifty years after the acceptance by colonial representatives of the immortal document with which his name is most inseparably connected. John Adams also died that same day and year. In 1831 ex - President James Monroe, who fought as a youth in the American Revolution, died on the Fourth of July.

1863, the fallen stronghold of the Confederacy in the west. For many weeks the nation had hoped and prayed for this result. Grant's victory completed the opening of the Mississippi river

The very same day the nation learned of the defeat of General Lee's army at Gettysburg after three days of terrific battle. Gettysburg, historiags agree, was the pivotal battle of the civil war.

Early on the morning of the 5th of

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-

some breeze While they waltz to the tunes from the

much to see, but in midsummer you can feel Callente. It feels just as its the free! Let flutter your folds o'er the pros-Spanish name implies-hot. Callente is surrounded by barren mountains, beyond which stretches barren desert.

most grand.

of ammunition by the end of June. Though every man carried a six shoot-For we thrill with delight that your er there wasn't a cartridge left in Callente. And as for other fireworks ma-'O'er the land of the free and the home terial there wasn't a cracker-except

YOU ripple as red as the drops that

The offspring of freedom, your mission



was a sultry day, and the heat in-FAMOUS "FOURTH" EVENTS.

Yet, again, on the glorious Fourth of

hold in the western hemisphere.

A RIPPLE of red, white and blue A poem of colors to heaven outspread,

And the flag takes the hands of the frolic-

Nowadays there is a railroad that finds entrance and exit between the

Strange to say, the town had run out

workless Fourth, so I was detailed to ride horseback eighty miles across the shimmering desert and bring back from the nearest railroad town a supply of noise producers. My horse had

You once flung defiance 'Gainst old world alliance

I set out on the first day of July. I time for the celebration to begin about

Dismounting, I hitched the horse to cactus bush and sat down to unlace For your blue is as true as the natural feet before easing the animal by un-

with one shoe off and one on. An hour later I awoke. The horse was gone. He had pulled the top off the brittle cactus bush and released himself. He carried with him Caliente's entire stock of fireworks; also my six shooter, sandy ground. Arising at dawn on the Fourth of July, I set out at a brisk

and cut the Confederacy in twain.

July the boys found me there-the rescue party that set out as soon as the his gun. He did so, and the sound was "Reckon you've enjoyed a quiet

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HER GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY

By GERALD PRIME.



Lawrence Holt, an American, just at his majority and endowed with abundant good looks, was a passenger on a train which was making its way leisurely between the Rhine and the incomparable Lake of Lucerne. All the afternoon since leaving Ba-

the sole occupant

of a compart-

ment, first class,

and he was alto-

gether too young and too inter-TRIED TO RECOME ested in humani-INTERESTED IN IT. ty to enjoy the

exclusiveness of the rallway journey. So he took a book from his bag and tried to become interested in it. A single paragraph convinced him that he had chosen a form of distraction which was destined to prove unsatisfactory. The passage ran as follows:

"There are moments in the lives even of those who are in apparent control of their mental and normal processes during which the most inconceivable vagaries come into being and the most unaccountable acts are performed. All this occurs, too, without any absolute surrender of personal integrity on the part of the subject so influenced."

Holt read no further. "Rot of the deadliest sort!" he ejaculated. A moment later the train stopped at a little station in a deep valley, the door of the compartment was opened wide, and there entered the most in teresting subject for speculation Holt had seen for many a day. After she

had established herself as his vis-a-vis with the charmthe little bustle and flurry incident to the sex Holt stole a glance and at once made up his mind that his tedium was at an end. Even should their medium of communication be reduced to pantomime, he assured himself, it could not fall to prove vastly interesting. Then he be gan to speculate as to her proba-

ble nationality. Not English certainly. There wasn't a trace of ESTABLISHED HERthe telltale insu- SELF AS HIS VISlarity which is so A-Vis. characteristic of the British female

away from home. "Pardon me, but is that a Chicago daily you are reading?" The problem was solved. The accent and the manner left nothing to

be imagined. "Would you-would you let me have It just for a moment.? It's positively ages since I've seen a Chicago paper." She grasped the politely tendered journal with a sincerity which was as naive as it was unconventional. Then, without further speech, she proceeded

to read his paper, For full ten minutes Holt made good his opportunity to make a more extended study of her. She was so absorbed in her determination to leave nothing undiscovered in the paper that she was unconscious apparently of his close observation and manifest appreciation. Before the expiration of the period the young man had arrived at

> the conclusion that she was the most unmistak ably admirable bit of femininity he had ever encountered. Thereat he sighed profoundly. She heard, and banished the

spell cast by the engrossing paper. An exquisite flush appeared in her cheeks, and she laughed a little and then grew very sober.

'How perfectly

dreadful of me to deprive you of your paper!" she "YOU ARE FROM said, restoring it fetching grace. "What a selfish creature I must seem! Dear old Chicago!" and the firecracker continues to crack.

"You are from Chicago-originally?"

"Originally is good," she declared merrily. "Yes, I lived there-centuries ago-at Evanston."

"I'm from Lake Forest myself," he confessed. "How perfectly lovely!" She clasp-

ed her hands and a look almost beatific came into her face. "I don't see why-why we are not

acquainted. I lived at Evanston for four years-at the university, you know.

She sighed so faintly that he hardly recognized it. "I think I know why we are not acquainted," she said. "If

I knew-the name"-"My name is Holt-Lawrence Holt," he interrupted eagerly. "Do you belong to the Chauncey

Holts?" "Chauncey Holt is my father." "I might have known," she said softly, her eyes downcast. "You are real-

ly very like him." Then she sighed, quite audibly this sel he had been time.

"When you see your father," she went on, with a tender light in her eyes that made her irresistible, "ask him if he remembers a certain young person who at the mature age of ten selected him for her hero and pro-

posed elopement. You may tell him also that I have forgiven him for his lack of chivalry on that occasion and that I have consoled myself with a husband who makes the very finest condensed milk in all Switzerland. The establishment is at Cham, where we shall be in less than five minutes. If you are interested in such matters I should advise you to stop over and let my husband show

"HURRAH FOR THE perfectly spien-GLORIOUS FOURTH!" did!" you his plant, It's The distilusionized young man did not share her enthusiasm. It even taxed his ingenuity to find the words to decline her hospitality, but he managed

elicte.

pectedness of the denouement, and his beautiful fellow traveler realized that on her devolved the task of saving the situation. "I see you have been reading Herve," she observed, reaching out for the

to accomplish it after a fashion. He

was practically silenced by the unex-

book. "My husband is very fond of him. Do you care for this?" "The opening paragraph is enough for me," he replied dejectedly,

"Let me judge of that," she opening to the place. While she was reading the whistle shrilled the approach to Cham.

"It's perfectly true-every word of it," she declared, closing the book and returning it to him. The train was slowing perceptibly.

"I will prove it," she insisted,

Still laughing, she rose to her feet, took his head between her hands and imprinted a light kiss upon his fore-At that moment the train came to a full stop, the guard appeared at the door of the compartment, and madam descended to the platform of the station. The proprietor of the condensed milk establishment, middle aged and adipose, was waiting near by to re-

red motor which stood just outside the stockade. Then it was that she looked back at him for the first time "Hurrah for the glorious Fourth!" she called out, with a farewell wave

ceive her. Holt saw them board a big

of a very shapely hand. TWAS EVER THUS-

IN CHILDHOOD'S HOUR!

DERCIVAL'S pockets Are bulging with rockets: Algernon's arms are o'erflowing with "giants:"

Are ready (oh, mercy f) Now to give Peace a diurnal defiance Yea, and nocturnal. They'll keep the infernal Racket a-going till midnight or later.

Spite of the warning

loving pater.

They get in the morning

Fresh from the lips of their peace

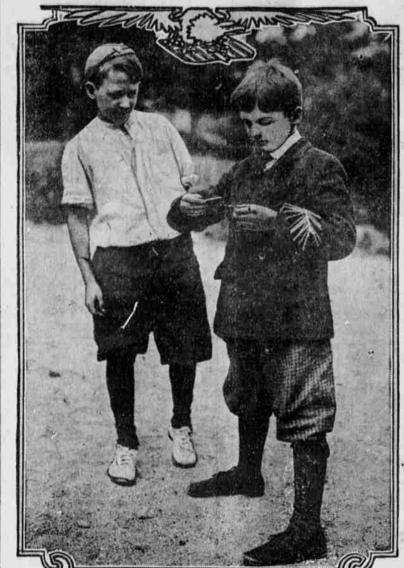
T. SAPP.

Algy and Percy

Eagle Still Screams. Mrs. Isanc L. Rice, the New York woman who a few years ago organized the Society For the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, began a crusade early this year for a noiseless Fourth of July. She enlisted the efforts-on pawith a most per-of several governors and mayors, but the American eagle still screams

Patriotic Sentiments—BEFORE MY QUIET FOURTH

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BEFORE. Johnnie-You better be keerful, Willie! Don't light that un while you got the whole bunch o' firecrackers on your arm. ty tight when you camp," said the Might splode 'em all at once an' spoil your face. Lemme hold the boss, "for you know he's mighty skit-

Willie-Naw, I won't! Who's 'fraid? D'you s'pose them calculated-being from New England brave forefathers of ours was 'fraid to fire off their guns till they I can calculate, you see—that I could handed their powderhorns to some other feller to hold while get the fireworks and reach Callente in they pulled the trigger? They never 'd 'a' beat the British that a-way. If you're scared, Johnnie, you can run. Hooray for the

Johnnie-An' here I go too! Me for the fireworks t'night-

wouldn't miss 'em for all the daytime fun. (Turning to look just

before he darts around the corner of the house.) Gee! Look at' em

all splodin' at once! I reckon I'd better go call Dr. Johnson right

away an' have him fix up Willie's face for next week.

'Merican eagle! Here goes!



RESOLVED, That it is better to be keerful than brave. If I'd handed Johnnie that bunch to hold I'd 'a' had lots more fun firin' 'em off one at a time than lettin' 'em all flash in my face. Then I boss' riderless borse got in. After a wouldn't have to sit here in the house with this bandage around big swig at the water bottle I faintly my head an' patches on my chin an' cheek an' my arm tied up, implored one of the fellows to fire off missin' all the fireworks tonight. Nex' time I'll fergit the valor or my forefathers on the bloody battlefield an' pay more 'tention to

AFTER.

the pers'nal safety of little Willie Jones.